

On the Testament and the Ethics of Continuation

Morning arrived without ceremony—just the slow unveiling of another grey system of air. The kind of day that feels pre-written by weather: everything damp, restless, provisional. The wind rehearsed its own bureaucracy through the trees, shuffling leaves like case files. I moved through it half-awake, held together by

coffee and intention. Autumn
has a logic I understand:
decay as administration,
endings handled with quiet
paperwork.

A courthouse awaited
somewhere beyond the rain. I
was carrying the weight of
something to be signed, a
gesture meant to outlast
pulse. The body, though tired,
obeyed its coordinates. On
the passenger seat: a small
parcel, rings ordered days

before—cheap metal, circles that promised orientation more than beauty. They shimmered faintly, like calm pretending to be jewelry.

At a crossing, a pedestrian stepped forward and I almost didn't stop in time. The wheel jerked, the heart too. The shock wasn't just fear; it was the realization that life insists on precision even in fatigue. Attention is the simplest, hardest form of love. I drove

slower after that.

The courthouse radiated institutional cleanliness, that scentless geometry of purpose. I took a number, waited among people wrapped in black coats, each of us small figures in the choreography of order. When my turn arrived, I entered an office bright with fluorescent order. Behind the desk sat the notary: calm, assured, her hands heavy with gold rings

that gleamed like small verdicts. Authority made visible through adornment. I looked down at my own temu rings—cheap, unpretending, their purpose not wealth but orientation—and almost smiled. Two economies of meaning met across a desk.

She guided me through the forms in the measured language of procedure. The act was brief, almost invisible: a few signatures, an

exchange of nods. Yet when the pen left the page, the air shifted. My name had been added to the quiet machinery of perpetuation.

What I had signed was modest on paper but vast in implication: a testament ensuring that the cats living in my house would remain there, safe, when I no longer returned. It wasn't about control; it was about continuity. About ensuring

that care doesn't dissolve
with its carrier.

Outside, the wind pulled at
the edges of the day. I stood
beneath the overhang,
feeling the air rearrange itself
around the decision. And
then the phrase surfaced,
uninvited yet accurate: I just
got married to my cats.

It sounded absurd and
perfect. Marriage stripped of
performance—only

commitment, tenderness,
duration. The act had less to
do with affection than with
architecture: translating love
into the grammar of survival.

Driving home, I felt lighter
but not joyous—more like
balanced. The rings on my
fingers caught the dim light,
small orbits reflecting what
had just occurred. I wasn't
thinking about gender or
family or legacy; I was
thinking about form, about

how love sometimes has to change its medium to survive.

A testament isn't sentiment. It's architecture. It translates the invisible—care, affection, duty—into a shape the world can read after you're gone. The moment I signed, I had accepted two truths: that I will vanish, and that not everything I love must vanish with me. That paradox felt clean, almost sacred.

The car heater whispered.
The rain blurred the
landscape into moving grey.
Somewhere between motion
and stillness, I felt the
boundaries of self loosen. I
exist, yes—but not as a single
point. More like a web of
relations, some human, some
not, all insisting on being
carried forward.

By the time I reached home,
the air had softened. The cats
were waiting by the window,

silhouettes of quiet demand. They didn't know what I had done, but I felt their presence as confirmation. The world rarely lets love keep its promises, but I had found a legal loophole, a way to write tenderness into the official record.

Inside, the house smelled of rain and patience. I slipped the document into the drawer where other important things live—birth

certificates, insurance forms, expired warranties. It belonged there now, among the papers that pretend to hold the shape of a life.

Later, I looked at my hands again. The rings glimmered under the lamp. They weren't symbols of wealth or victory; they were reminders of orientation. I had drawn a circle around a few living beings and called it meaning.

Outside, the storm kept
rehearsing its endings. Inside,
something had begun again.